

## **Delivering The Goods** by **pookiestheone**

**Series:** [Drabbles \[11\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Explicit Sexual Content, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-04-07

**Updated:** 2018-04-07

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:35:57

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 276

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

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Billy moaned and bucked his hips as Steve slowly fisted his cock.

“C’mon, make me cum.”

“Why the rush?” Steve paused on an upward stroke. “Not enjoying it?”

“Yeah, but ... Don’t stop. Jesus Christ don’t stop now.” He reached down and grabbed Steve’s wrist and tried to pump.

“No, no.” Steve swatted his hand away. “No cheating. I’ll tie your hands.”

“Promises,” he grunted as Steve moved again, but just once, “promises.” He grunted again.

Steve reached forward with his free hand and twisted Billy’s nipple as his fist began to travel once more.

“You sayin’ I’m all talk?”

He twisted again, then sped up, pausing at the top of each stroke to spiral his palm around the head. His other hand slid down to press tightly against Billy’s stomach at the base of his cock, holding him in place.

“That I don’t deliver?”

“Not ... say ... that.”

Steve felt the tremors of tension in Billy’s muscles, watched his mouth open and his eyes narrow, sure signs that he was seconds away.

Two more strokes and he stopped as he sensed the first pulse along the bottom of his cock.

“Fuck!”

Steve held his fingers in a tight ring just under the head and watched the first spurt fly up and hit Billy in the face, then he wrapped his hand over the head and squeezed as the waves filled it, oozed through his fingers and leaked down Billy's cock. He always came a lot and tonight was no exception.

Finally he lifted his hand and held it up.

"Talk about delivering."

He leaned forward and ran his tongue along his palm.

"And it's finger lickin' good."